

A Dragon Trainer, a Demigod, and a Timelord

by dragon-riding-demigod-wizard

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Summary: Space and time have begun to unravel, different dimensions are beginning to merge. This is about A Dragon trainer, A demigod, and a Time lord trying to fix what requires mending. This will go through many different fandom worlds/universes.

1. Chapter 1- A Day in Roxas' life

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I wake up to the familiar rattling of a nadder's spines that I hear every morning. The first thing I see is my nadder's glowing, yellow eyes in the darkness. And the next second I am flung through the air and hit the wooden floor with a thud. Every morning this happens and every morning I hear a reptilian laughter emanating from my dragon.

"Good morning, Apollo. How did you sleep?" I questioned the dragon, who answered back with a low croon. He then starts to push me out the room like every morning, at least until I heard something no kid wants to hear.

"Roxas Revolting Richard!" my father yelled from outside.

"Coming," I croaked faintly, "wish me luck, Apollo." I marched outside while Apollo tried to hide under my bed, but he is about 800 pounds too big for that now. It was a little past dawn, and we were up earlier than normal, so why the fudge are we outside.

"Roxas, come over here right now and tell me something. What is this?" my dad said, anger oozing out of his voice; pointing towards a huge scorch mark where ruffnut and tuffnut had practiced a new combination. Of course they did it on our wall. Great.

"Umâ€¦ its, um, well, you see, umâ€¦ dragon practice, umâ€¦ ruff and tuff, boom. We have more charcoal now, hehe"

"Thor, so help me" my dad said exasperated. "Just fix the wall by the time I get back from fishing, which is in two days time. Got it"

"Yes dad." I said with less courage than a sheep. After giving me a Viking death stare he headed to the docks where some of the other parents were waiting. At least now I can go back to sleep, at least for a little while. I went back into the house only to be pushed back out by Apollo. When you wake up a dragon, expect at least four hours of work before being able to rest. Luckily some of the other dragon riders were awake; maybe they can help me rebuild the side of my house.

"Morning, Astrid. Morning, Fishlegs." I said to the blonde Viking girl with a deadly nadder and the pudgier Viking boy with a gronckle, respectively.

"Hey, Roxas. You wanna race?" Astrid said. She is one of the most competitive vikings on Berk, even this early in the day.

"Umâ€¦maybe later." A yawn escaping my mouth, "How are you doing Fishlegs?"

"Oh you know. Doing Okay. Meatlug is flying two percent faster now, and her fire shots are reloaded."

"Nice. Okay Astrid do you wanna begin the race now or do you wanna wait until Snotlout wakes up so we can beat him? Fishlegs wanna join in?" I asked.

"Whatever, just as long as I get to show that I'm the best dragon rider." Astrid answered

"Sure, Meatlug is ready to fly. Although thinking about it I don't understand how she can fly." Fishlegs always seems to make me reconsider everything. Well he is one of the smartest Vikings on dragons, second only to Hiccup. Anyway, where is Hiccup? I guess he'll show up later.

"I'm ready whenever you two are." I said while fastening Apollo's saddle. I turned to see that Fishlegs and Astrid were already mounted on their respective dragons. I've beaten Fishlegs about five times out of ten, and Astrid a grand total of zero times out of fifty. Needless to say, I was hoping to win this race. Gobber walked in and we had convinced him to be the countdown Viking. Gobber switched his replacable hammer for a white flag and began the count down.

"3 get ready. 2 get set. 1, get ready, and GO!" the veteran Viking exclaimed. Thus the six of us began the race. Astrid and Stormfly went with a vertical take off like they always do, and Fishlegs and Meatlug took off right away, leaving about an inch between Meatlug's feet and the ground for the first 100 yards. Apollo and I started the race with a running start, a leap into the air, and a downstroke. Astrid, Fishlegs and I didn't need to talk about the racetrack; we already knew where we had to race. We had to go to the beach, fly between the rock pillars, up the highest cliff and into the ex dragon fighting ring. We were dead last until we made it to the rock pillars. Gronckles are not the most agile dragons. Astrid was way in the lead, and I landed on the rock pillars with Apollo and jumped

through them. Deadly nadders are one of the most agile of the dragons on Berk. We passed Meatlug and found ourselves barreling towards the highest peak in Berk. Apollo unfurled his wings and was able to make a ninety-degree turn upwards to avoid crashing into the cliff wall. I saw Astrid and Stormfly already heading towards the ring. We flew up and heard a loud thud.

"I'm okay. Meatlug is fine too." Fishlegs hollered after careening into the Cliffside.

We continued flying; I mean he said he and Meatlug were fine. We quickened the pace and were right behind Astrid and Stormfly, nearing the ring. I was able to pull up right next to her and was gaining the lead until she had Stormfly quicken her pace. She regained the lead and flew into the ring.

I may have lost to Astrid but I was not going to lose to Fishlegs after he careened into the Cliffside. We sped up and then Apollo tucked in his wings to enter the ring. Yet at that second something opened up, a hole, or more like a tear. It was huge, and ominous, sucking us up while we dove straight into it. Apollo couldn't slow down, so shutting my eyes, and grabbing onto Apollo as tight as I could. We went through the tear, and the temperature dropped nearly 20 degrees Fahrenheit. The image that flooded my eyes when they flew open was not of the ring, or of Berk at all, but I knew it was going to hurt.

****AUTHOR'S NOTE- I ONLY MADE ROXAS AND APOLLO. EVERYTHING ELSE BELONGS TO IT'S RIGHTFUL OWNERS.****

2. Chapter 2- What the Hades?

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I should be helping in the reconstruction of the Titan war, but of course I HAD to make a schedule on who has to feed the dragon protecting Thalia's tree. And I have to give the giant fire breathing, scaly, deadly reptile, named Peleus some hamburger meat. Just another day in the life of a demigod.

So I'm stuck giving this thing its dinner when I can help rebuild more than most of the other demigods. I am a daughter of Hephaestus, with some blood of Athena on my mother's side. Not only can I rebuild a bunch of buildings and make weapons, but also I can try to make them better. I'm not as good as my friend Annabeth Chase, but she's redesigning Olympus so I feel like I should try to reconstruct anything.

I think a lot, so that's what I was doing while I fed Peleus. Something didn't feel quite right though, and I have learned to pay attention to that feeling. I have only felt that when something bad was about to happen. I whipped around to see another dragon, I think, crash land before my eyes, narrowly avoiding Thalia's tree. My feet almost never touched the floor, I was running so fast. I thought I saw someone on that flying lizard. Clearing a tail swipe from Peleus, and barging through some tough foliage I stumbled upon the red creature, and I saw a boy just a few feet away from the thing. Of course today is when I left my dagger back in the cabin. Best thing for me to do is regroup but I decide to do the second thing, hang

back and observe.

"What the Hades?" I said quietly. The boy was still alive, seeing as he started to move his head again.

"That was definitely not our best landing, bud" He said to the dragon. The dragon started to get up, and lets say that it isn't that frightening. It looked like an enormous chicken with a big mouth and scales rather than a beak and feathers. At least until I stepped on a branch. The boy, who was wearing a fur vest, fur boots, a dull red shirt and a helmet with horns attached to it, gave a hand signal and the dragon's tail burst into a spiked mass and then a ton of pointed scales were thrown in my direction. Each spike pinning a part of my clothing to the nearby tree.

"Hey calm down, I was just wondering if you were ok." I said. I was trembling, well as much as I could. I did not want to touch the spikes because they smelled like poison. It was a lot harder since his dragon was staring me down, a flame began to flicker within its large fanged mouth. Not only that but the boy had a relatively intimidating shield and knife.

"Hey buddy, not yet." The boy said, and the dragon instantly held its flame, unprickled its tail, and began to preen itself I'm assuming. "Now, tell me, what's your name, where am I, Where's Berk, and why were you stalking me. You should not stalk a Viking, especially one with a 900 pound dragon."

"I'm Elena, um you're right next to camp half blood near New York, what the Hades is Berk, and you were on a dragon, I needed to make sure you weren't a threat to camp. I have a question for you. WHY ARE YOU ON A DRAGON!?"

"I am a dragon trainer, Viking, fighter, and a whole bunch of other stuff. Do you understand, you simple peasant? Yes or do I have to go over it"

"I am not a simple peasant, I'm a demigod. Half god half mortal." I said my face flushing with anger

"Wait, you're related to Thor?" the boy asked quizzically, as if deciding whether to kill me on the spot or to grovel at my feet. "I want you to take me to this camp of yours, this instant."

"Well, I cant do that since I'm kinda PINNED TO A TREE." I said.

"You are so lame, how in the world could you be related to Thor himself?" he said while prying the scales out of the tree bark. I started to think of a plan, a Viking and a dragon are basically holding me hostage. If I do 'show' them where Camp is I can escape and maybe tell Percy, or some of the people from Ares cabin. They would surely send this guy packing._ If _he can somehow get into the camp, seeing as a dragon and some powerful magic guards it.

"Thanks," I answered as sarcastically as possible, "now follow me to the camp. Watch out for Peleus though. He hasn't been fed yet."

"Just take me to this camp of yours. Is it anything like the dragon academy?"

"Rude, and just figure that out by yourself."

We walked through the forest for about five minutes, the whole time a knife in the Viking boy's hand and a dragon with poisonous spines at the ready. It wasn't until Peleus traced our scent that things got hectic. Peleus shot a burst of flames towards us but he has the aim of Percy with a bow. I rolled out of the spray of ash, while the Viking boy switched to his shield and blocked whatever flame came at him. His dragon thus grabbed him and flew into the canopy and rapidly shot a plethora of spines and about six shots of fire at poor Peleus. The poor dragon got some spines through its wings, and all six fire bolts landed in its mouth. I couldn't quite follow the boy's movement, he and the dragon moved very swiftly in the trees. It was only after Peleus quieted down that the boy and the dragon came down from the canopy.

"That was not very fun. I should probably try to document this dragon for the book of dragons. Thanks, Apollo."

"Wait, why are you thanking Apollo. He's a god, and he doesn't help mortals."

"Dude, Apollo is my dragon, I know he is godlike but he definitely helps me."

"Nooooo, Apollo is the god of the sun, music, and medicine."

"Oh whatever. Just take me to your camp."

"Alright, just follow me." I responded stiffly. At least now he won't be able to follow me anymore. I proceeded to take a few steps, enough to enter the camp line. I can finally go back to doing normal stuff, like feeding Peleus, sword fighting or picking strawberries.

"So this is your camp, it is a lot nicer than Berk this time of year." He said, "don't you think, Apollo?"

"What the hades, how did you get in here?"

"You led me here. Now, APOLLO WHERE THE FRICK ARE YOU!?" the boy proclaimed, now imitating the sound of his dragon, except it was really loud and really terrifying enough that the whole camp heard and came with all the celestial bronze they could muster.

"Frick" the boy said and thus proceeded to prepare himself for battle with his knife in his right hand and shield in the left, the horned helmet looking more menacing as he bowed his head. "A little help, Apollo!" With a flash of spikes a dragon was in the camp. Then things got completely out of control. The boy's Apollo scooped up his rider, and proceeding to take to the skies. Just beyond the reach of our only surviving bow's range. Not even the Apollo cabin kids could get him, but the dragon still had some spines left on its tail; plus we were in its range. Being asked by the boy, Apollo shot his remaining spines into a large fence, surrounding all of us campers. Only after we threw all of the weapons we had at him did they come back down.

"Who the hades are you?" one of the Stoll brothers said, "Because you are supah fly," the other said, "You should hang with us." Trying to find out where they were, I looked around the makeshift enclosure, and I saw that we were missing one person.

"Roxas," the boy said, "I am Roxas Revo-" at that moment he was hit by a monstrous wave cause by none other than Percy Jackson. His dragon flew out of the way, and tried to use one of its long rang attacks but he was out of fire and out of spikes. Roxas got up and gave a nearly imperceptible hand signal and charged. Percy rolled to the side to avoid a face full of shield and knife. Mid way through the roll, Roxas' dragon dove down, gripped Percy by the back, and flew up to a height of at least four stories. From down here I could still tell that he was exhausted, probably from making that wave. We were way to far from the river for him to use that water. Percy was in a tough spot, he can't attack the dragon, or he risks plummeting more than 40 feet, and right now I don't think that Roxas is willing to let any of us go.

"Roxas," I yelled, "how about you put Percy down, and we all talk in a civilized manner." That's if Vikings can do civilized.

Roxas did some sort of hand signal which must have meant 'come down but before you land throw the thing your holding about five yards.' "Sorry whoever you are! My dragon was supposed to set you down gently." Roxas said after wincing from Percy's ragdoll routine. "Bad, Apollo, bad." This earned many confused looks from everyone, including me.

"Questionâ€| Who the tartarus were you talking too? Our dad isn't here. If he were, we would be hearing a shipload of terrible haikus. So many haikus, all of them so terrible, dang it here I go." One of the Apollo kids said. I think that was the head of their house, but I have never socialized with him or her, so I wouldn't know.

"My dragon. His name is Apollo." Roxas said. "He has near perfect accuracy. I've read some stories about some other gods, and Apollo is said to have near perfect aim so, yeah." I had forgotten that he named his dragon Apollo.

After an awkward minute or two, his Apollo took matters into its own wings and knocked away our spiked fence with a swish of his tail. I'm starting to wonder who is the brains in their partnership. Or if there were any brains with those two.

"How about we try this again, I am Roxas Revolting Richard. I am part of the Hairy Hooligan tribe on the isle of Berk. Today I was racing two of my friends back on Berk when Apollo and I flew into a tear, or a hole of some kind. We were supposed to go into the Dragon Academy, but we ended up crashing into the forest next to your camp." the Viking explained while his dragon started chasing a harpy. "I've already met Elena, Percy I guess is the guy that Apollo threw over there, who the heck are the rest of you?"

With that, all of us introduced ourselves by name, last name, and godly parent. We were hesitant at first, but eventually we saw he's not a bad guy, and he even caught the Stolls first prank on him. It took nearly an hour to go through introductions and chasing the Stolls, but we did and the brothers now have a new target to prank. Plus we have a new reconstruction buddy. He is a mortal so he has to

stay in the house with Chiron but he has already proven to be somewhat useful in construction. He is horrible with a hammer but he knows how to take the lead. The Stolls are already planning the next best prank on the new guy, but I just hope that they take into account the nine hundred pound dragon, and that Roxas is still in fact a Viking.

****Again all rights and characters go to whoever they belong to. I only made Elena in this chapter. ****

3. Chapter 3- Timewarp

Chapter 3- Timewarp

It's five o'clock in the morning, and I find myself sitting outside in the strawberry fields reading by flashlight. I'm reading to see if I can improve my writing skills. I always wanted to see Travels Through Time, the book I'm writing, written by Elena Cruz on the top selling list. Right now I am reading a book about the time force continuum, and the universe's deepest mysteries. It's actually a really interesting read, just not for normal people; luckily I'm not a normal person.

"What's that?" I said after hearing a whizzing sound emanating from a dark thing flying high in the sky. It didn't take long for me to discover what was making that sound.

"Come on Apollo, faster." Roxas said, at least I think that is what he said. I could just barely make it out. My Apollo isn't due for at least another hour; I should probably try my best to take advantage of that. "Morning Elena. What book are you reading?"

"GAH- what the, how did you get down here so fast? And if you must know it's a book on science, you know the universe and time." I replied, with a yawn.

"What in Odin's name is Si ense?" Roxas said completely baffled at what we learn starting in first grade.

"Oh gods" I answered. I completely forgot he was a Viking; true science hadn't been invented yet. "Um, its nothing."

"Alright then." Roxas said. Apollo came from his victory lap and landed on top of Roxas. "Thanks for nothing you useless reptile." This resulted in a flurry of licks from a dragon species with a forked tongue. Apollo eventually got off of Roxas, much to the relief of the Viking boy.

It was still early; no other campers were awake so I took the opportunity to take a warm shower. If I wait until later all the hot water is gone. Apollo flew off and Roxas chased after him, apparently flustered at Apollo's sudden change in character. I entered my cabin silently and grabbed the clothes that I was going to change into. Walking through camp in only a towel is not on my to do list. There isn't much variation in clothing for me. I have a drawer full of orange Camp Half Blood shirts and jeans, the only time I wear something different is when I work in the forges, in which case I wear a customized helmet with an apron to cover my clothes. Being pretty is not a priority to me; let the Aphrodite children worry

about looks. Exiting my cabin, an angry dragon was chasing two siblings. In one of the Stoll's hands was a Viking helmet filled with what looked like peanut butter. I couldn't really be sure because it was still dark. About five seconds later a sharp knife flew by being followed by an enraged Roxas. He was running so fast, I could have sworn that his boots were about to light on fire.

"What a bunch of idiots," I muttered to myself; "well I'll go and take my shower now. Ill just jam the door with something." And so I go into the showers, expecting to be able to drown out the world for twenty minutes. However, I find out that I can't have fifteen seconds of normal. I started the water, and was doing a last minute check, before I remove my garments, but of course the showers disappear, and in their place stood a new boy. He was coughing and emerged from a cloud of billowing smoke. He was wearing some converse shoes, and he looked around my age.

"What the actual frick, The Doctor was just about to show me how to kill a dalek. Stupid sonic ring, I knew you wouldn't work. I got you from a cereal box offer. Stupid cereal." The new guy complains.

"1, What the hades are you doing here, I'm about to shower!?! Two, you probably shouldn't insult cereal, or Demeter will get revenge. Just ask Nico. And three, WHO THE HADES ARE YOU!?" I rebutted. He kept complaining, but it seemed like every word was in a different language. Then he just walked out of the shower building, or at least the half of it that's still here. Note to self; keep a knife handy at all times. Now what the frick am I supposed to do, there's an insane person walking around the camp and the only people who are awake are a pair of pranksters, and a Viking that I met yesterday. Just perfect.

Pacing in the dark does NOT help me think on the bright side. In fact, it makes me think more negatively, like how the strongest demigod in the camp is the heaviest sleeper to exist, and that right now the Aphrodite cabin is starting to wake up and they're going to blame me that they can't take the first of eight showers in the day. Well what will they do, make up me to death? I kept pacing trying to think of ways to find the insane person, push him out of camp, keep Roxas from killing the Stolls, and fix the barrier around the camp, but this led to an inch deep groove forming in an elliptical shape. I sat down due to exhaustion and found the Stolls and Roxas. Roxas was now on Apollo, still chasing the Stolls. A flame was burning in Roxas' eyes, one as hot as Apollo's flame. How the Hades were those two still alive?

I'll deal with those three later. Now where is this maniac? Oh gods, there he is. "WHY THE HECK ARE YOU IN THE APHRODITE CABIN!?" I yelled when I saw him entering the said cabin.

"GET THE F*** OUT, CAN'T I CHANGE!?" I heard two of the girls say, and half of the guys yell. He was chased out of the cabin by a small, half dressed army of pretty boys and girly girls wielding lipstick, hair combs, and hair spray cans. He got hit in the head with a pink can of hairspray. Good thing it wasn't a brick.

I ran and tried to calm down the Aphrodite children. It wasn't that hard. I just gave them a mirror and all peace returned to the camp. Of course the dude just vanished the second I turned away. Gods darnnit.

Screaming came from the other side of the camp, and I knew that Roxas finally caught the Stolls. Sprinting towards the sound, I find the most hilarious scene. Roxas and Apollo had trapped the Stolls in a fence made of spines and their clothes were singed off except for their matching hearted boxers. Roxas was playing Whack-a-Stoll while they were forced to dance like ducks. I wish I had a phone or camera, but that is like chum for monsters. The sun was just starting to rise so I'm assuming it's about seven in the morning. None of the other campers are gonna see this for another hour, if they get to see t.

"You don't touch a Viking's helmet, and you especially don't fill it with this salty, sticky, delicious gloop. What is this called?" Roxas said with anger seeping out of his voice. I swear he never looked more menacing, like he was ready to kill. Wait how the Hades did the creeper dude get into the fence? He was right there, in the poisonous spine fence, but I could have sworn he was nowhere ten seconds ago.

"Okay creeper dude, tell me your name, and don't move." I said, a little bit of disgust in my words. He looked at me, and I finally got a good look at him. He had a stubble-y beard, and brown eyes. He was a tad overweight, and had a silver and green ring on his left hand.

"Alright, my nombre es," and he made a weird noise like an alien language. "Frick, my anneau esta [insert inhuman noise here]. he said.

"Um, what?" Roxas said, not relenting on Whack-a-Stoll. I was actually feeling really bad for the Stolls, I mean that must hurt a lot.

"Hey Roxas, Apollo." I yelled, "I think it is a good time to stop playing 'How Strong Are You- Stoll Edition.'" He looked up at me, and gave Apollo one last command. Flick them with your tail. The Stolls crashed through the fence and started to limp off. Then something unexpected happened.

"Hey Stolls. Catch." Roxas said while throwing some ambrosia and nectar towards the battered twins. The twins caught the nectar and ambrosia, albeit clumsily, and enjoyed the healing snack. Afterwards the stolls limped back into their cabin. I think that they wont pull any jokes on Roxas anymore. Or at least not for the next week.

The new boy took off his ring, and was trying to tell me something. He held the ring in one hand and motioned with the other hand something along the lines of a hammer, and screwdriver.

"Wait, you want me to fix this thing?" I asked him. He responded with a furious amount of head nodding. Honestly, if his head fell off his neck I would not have been surprised. "Okay, Ill try to fix it, but you have to explain everything. In English." I then proceeded to grab the ring, which for some reason was making whirring sounds and moving in the palm of my hands. I began asking myself millions of questions, only on the ring. Two million more about everything else, and most answers I came up with were 'I don't know.'

With all the questions I was asking I found myself entering my cabin

as if no time had passed, and I was already subconsciously taking apart the ring. It had many small components like a copper coil, many chips, and a green disc, that changed colors from green to blue. Then there was something that appeared to be like a small clock face in it. Its almost as if the ring was bigger on the inside, or was it smaller on the outside? Resuming my picking duty, I had about two hundred small pieces and gears in a pile, and there was still a ton more parts still within the ring. I was so into my work that I didn't notice that mystery boy had walked into the cabin and stared at the pile of stuff. Turning around to reach for the magnifying glass I gave a small yelp and hit my head against the lamp just above the workstation.

"Owâ€|" I proclaimed while rubbing the growing lump on my head. "I proceeded to get the magnifying glass and a vacuum and began to suck up whatever pieces were left in the ring. After a few dumping of the bag, I got everything out of the ring. The pile weighed about four pounds. Mystery boy started to pace around the room, and started doing charades to help me put everything back the right way. After a few hours everything was in the right place except for two pieces. The copper coil that I realized was slightly misshapen, and the green/ blue disk. I took a guess and put the green disk within the watch, seeing as it was the right size for it, and I remade the copper coil. I connected the coil to a moving cog and to the watch.

Turning around, and heading towards the fridge, I saw that nearly the rest of the cabin was watching me work. "Can you guys, like not watch me work? I feel like I might mess up." I pleaded, and they agreed not to watch me work. Instead they watched the ring come whirring to life. It began to hover, and glow green. Scanning each one of us until it found the mystery boy. The ring proceeded to float its way to the mystery boy and onto his right pointer finger. With a twist of the green ball on the outside he was now able to speak in English, and teleport anywhere.

"Okay, a deal is a deal." I said to him.

"Ok, um my name is Jeremy, and I call myself the nurse. The Doctor is a time lord and he has a TARDIS, and I am studying under him. Thus I am the nurse. I am hoping to pass the Doctor's training so I can become The Surgeon. This is a sonic ring, like a sonic screwdriver except less awesome."

"What in the name of Odin, did you say? You know in English, so people who aren't technologically advanced can understand." Roxas said, entering my cabin twice as silent as Jeremy. I heard Apollo land on the roof with a thud.

"Umâ€| okay I am an alien. My ring is magic, but not as magic as my teacher's. How's that?" Jeremy said.

"Good." Roxas said. "So what can that ring do?"

"It can teleport me anywhere in space and time."

"When it works." I said.

"Exactly." Jeremy agreed.

"Show me and Apollo, please!" Roxas pleaded. I guess Vikings aren't all potatoes for brains.

"I want to see this. Can I see it?" I asked.

"Alright, let me just prepare." Jeremy said. He began to fiddle with the ring, turning the top, twisting it, and shaking it. He banged it against my workbench and the ring began to shimmer, and glow. Eventually Jeremy's hand began to change to a purple color, and then his arm, and his torso, until all of his body was glowing with the same magenta-ish hue. Trust me the only reason I know was because Silena and I used to be friends and she extensively showed me magenta. I was seeing magenta everywhere.

He disappeared and in his place a large vortex had appeared. It had a dark ominous feel to it and I know this feeling. I feel it every time a monster is about to kill me.

"Everyone, Run!" I yelled grabbing an awestruck Roxas by the arm. Once he recovered he began to run a lot faster than me. Unfortunately the vortex inhaled anything within a five-meter radius, and we were in it. We were pulled in, deafening, bloodcurdling screams escaping our lips. As a response to Roxas' yells, Apollo swooped into the vortex and grabbed Roxas and I. He tried to fly out, but it was as if the vortex was alive and it inhaled us harder. In the last bit of light I saw my workbench hurl towards us, and a burst of orange. Then I felt something wrap around me and hold me tight. I curled up, and I shut my eyes tight. I burst them open when a loud, thundering roar. What was in my vision was a giant bipedal dragon. It had what appeared like five-foot diameter pearls on its shoulders, and it had pink markings rooting its way throughout its body. A large roar escaped its mouth, which sent Apollo trembling. The other dragon slashed with its arm and a new vortex opened up, he flew through and guess who else. Of course, it had to be us. I have a feeling this landing is going to hurt.

**What do you guys think so far? Is it decent, Do you like it?
**

4. Chapter 4-This aint no cheap magic trick

Chapter 4- this ain't no cheap magic trick (Roxas' POV)

"Hang on!" I yelled to Elena, even though I don't think she needed to be told. I grabbed her, and I pulled us both onto Apollo's back. We left the saddle at the camp; needless to say riding a scaly reptile, bareback wasn't very comfortable.

"Apollo, maneuver three! Hurry buddy, we need you." I yelled to my familiar dragon. Within a blink of a dragon's eye he spread his wings out, and began to slow down until we were descending at about half the speed before. Staring into the darkness I could make out some stuff, (being a Viking has its perks. Including better night vision than other people.) What I could see were some shapes beyond the wall of darkness surrounding us, and within the portal was a very large tree, and I think it was moving. Elena was holding on tight to Apollo, and I made probably the stupidest decision yet.

"Apollo, let's go. Lets show them what we can do." I said, while

scratching my terrified nadder behind the spines. He answered back with a sound I've never heard from him, I'll check with Hiccup but I think he was expressing fear. "We'll be okay buddy. It'll be ok. I trust you." With that he began a steep dive. I was expecting to feel wind rushing past my face but in its place was an eerie nothing, until we passed the vortex. That's when all heck broke loose.

The tree Apollo and I saw really did move, and it was moving at us. It flailed its mountain-sized branches towards Apollo, Elena and me. Luckily, we had a nadder. "Apollo, sheep style!" We had been practicing this for a while. He landed on an incoming branch and began to jump within the tree, weaving through the barrage of busy branches, dodging furious foliage, and rolling through rough, roaring roots. Frick, I might have spent too much time with the Apollo children. Stupid god of poetry.

"Apollo, if we make it out of this I owe you A LOT of chicken" I yelled over the loud screams coming from Elena. "Apollo, possum mode, three o'clock." Just like that, my dragon flipped head over tail, formed a hook with his tail and hung from the incoming branch. He then burned one branch that I didn't see, and let go of the branch. After a little bit of spinning we were able to reach the ground safely but we didn't stop there. The instant Apollo's feet touched the grass he was weaving through rampaging roots.

"What in the name of Odin is going on here?" I yelled at the top of my lungs, coupled by Elena's screaming and some roaring by Apollo. Risking a root to the face I look up to see a large castle.

"Apollo, fly dead ahead!" I yelled over the roaring

" YEAH DEAD IS RIGHT! WE ARE GOING TO FRICKIN DIE" Elena screamed at me. I gave a reassuring pat to Apollo's head, and he pushed off the ground. Why do I get the feeling that, even for one of her people, she hasn't experienced that many life or death situations? Luckily, I'm a Viking; this is just an occupational hazard.

"Don't worry I think we made it away from that thing! We should be fine now" I told Elena, which might have calmed her down; Seeing as she lowered her dagger (like it would have done anything against those branches) and she also softened her grip on Apollo. "Everything all right, Tink?" Elena responded to that with a death glare, and a surprisingly painful slap.

"Oh my gods. We almost died and you call me by an annoying pixie's name? How do you even know that?" she said starting, off at a mutter but gradually increasing to a full out yell. "What is wrong with you? Do you not understand death? Annabeth has been to the underworld and she said it wasn't pretty."

"Okay 1. Yes, yes I do. 2. My life doesn't revolve around youâ€¦ plus the Aphrodite cabin kinda outnumbered me and dragged me into their cabin to watch what was it, um Perry Plate? 3. I'm a Viking, death is an occupational hazard." I answered back.

"Those were supposed to be rhetorical, that means they weren't supposed to be answered," she said, "and the movie was Peter Pan."

After ten minutes of her explaining Peter Pan, I was ready to take a

nadder's fire to the head. Apollo landed just in front of the castle, and prepared to hide. That was until another person, around my age came up to us. She had blonde hair, steel grey eyes and radish earrings. Apollo instantly pricked his tail, while Elena sheathed her dagger. I probably should have tried to hide my axe, but where would I hide it. It wasn't like I had poekets, or is it pockets. I don't know, I'm still working on the new tongue.

"That's a pretty dragon you have there. What is its name? Oh, I'm sorry are you two new here?" The girl asked. I noticed that she had a stick behind her ear, and was wearing a blue and brown scarf.

"Yes, we are new here. Aren't we, Kelvin?" Elena said, obviously trying to tell me to play along.

"yeah, this is Tink, and my dragon is Hermes." I said, which resulted in Elena hitting me on the back of my head when the girl got a closer look at Apollo. She gave Apollo something for a snack, and I heard the girl say something about nargles to Apollo. What the frick are nargles.

"You two should probably go to the Great Hall in order for you two can be sorted," The girl said wistfully, almost like she was in her own little world, "I'll take Hermes to Hagrid. I'm sure he'll take great care of him."

"Thanks" I said

"Um, thank you" Elena said, "excuse me what is your name?"

"Luna, Luna Lovegood." She said.

With that she left us, and we went into the enormous castle. It took us about an hour to find the 'Great Hall,' but luckily whatever they were doing they were just starting. Just why does this place have moving stairs? We merged as well as we could with the crowd, luckily no one seemed to notice that we were the only ones without robes. We stood up in a line of eleven year olds, only because when we sat down a bunch of dudes with black and green robes pushed us out and rudely said that we had to stand. I was about to pull out my axe, but Elena held me back.

"Calm down, hot-head! We need to blend in, and right now were getting by," She commanded.

"And how are we passing as other students here? They're in robes and I'm in Viking attire, and you're wearing a t-shirt and jeans. They have tall pointy hats and sticks while I have a battle helmet and an axe; you have no hat and a big knife." I retorted harshly, but she didn't seem to notice that I was freaking out because she just started talking to herself and started to handle her dagger. A minute goes by, but it feels like hours, when Elena tells me what was happening.

"The mist." she mentions

"The what?" I pondered louder than I expected.

"Oh, just shut it. I'll tell you later. Just go up already," she said to me. Not understanding what she meant, I tried to talk to her but

she just pushed me up the steps onto a platform, where an old lady with green robes was holding a beat up hat. I didn't even know we moved.

"Young man, are you going to sit down, or are you going to have to be given to Mr. Filch." the old lady said. Even though she was old, she demanded respect, and had power steaming off of her. I quickly sat down in the old wooden chair, and waited for whatever cruel joke was coming my way. The lady gently placed the hat on my head—well actually over my head. It said something along the lines of ravenclaw, griffondoor, slytherus, and huff and puff, but it typically said ravenclaw and griffondoor. It asked me what I thought, so I said raenclaw because that sounded cooler than a door. However I was mostly paying attention to the smell. The hat smelt like oldness, bugs, and mold.

"Ravenclaw!" proclaimed the hat, the sound of the word echoing through the great hall. I took off the hat, and everyone seemed to realize something, including me. Everyone seemed to notice that I was a Viking, down to the fur boots, and I just realized. The. Hat. Fricking. Talked. The people with the black and blue robes started talking. They sounded as if I was a disappointment and untrustworthy. The old lady seemed to notice, but she put on a mask of complete serenity.

"Mr—" she began to say with an air of uncertainty

"Kelvin Ceaser, ma'am." I responded. She responded with a nod and gestured for me to join my fellow Ravenclaws. I sat down, and most of the people at the table backed away from me, except for one girl, with radish earrings and steel grey eyes.

"Hi, Kelvin. Welcome to the Ravenclaw house. I hope that the nargles won't bother us too much." The one and only Luna said as she came and sat closer to me, rather than running away. Maybe this girl isn't half bad. She seems nice, but something was sending shivers down my spine. I looked around and saw a big dude eying me, I guess making sure I don't make a move on Luna. The boy himself didn't exactly hide like a terrible terror, but I saw something dangerous in his eyes. I'll steer clear of him, but there was something else, another dude on the opposite side of the cafeteria shot me a look of pure disgust. I grabbed my axe, preparing to knock his little bleach blonde head off his shoulders, but Luna must have seen me. "Don't worry about him. That's Draco Malfoy. He thinks he is better than the rest of us because he's a pureblood, but his bark is worse than his bite. Oh and the other boy is Neville, he's really sweet. He tries to take care of me." Luna said wistfully. I looked back at Draco and he still had a smug little weasel face on. I'll knock it out of him later, but now it was Elena's turn in the talking hat of smells. The second the old dust rag hit Elena's head it yelled Ravenclaw.

Note to self, the thing I am in is Ravenclaw. Not ravenclaw.

"Hey Tink, what's up?" I said, which resulted in a death stare from Elena, I guess Luna didn't seem notice.

"You and I need to talk. Like, now." Elena stated bluntly, yet overflowing with worry and command. I took the message and snuck out of the Great hall, with Elena close behind.

"Do you know where El Nurso is? He is the one who got us into this mess." She said obviously flustered. We heard a faint whistling noise coming from above us. We moved out of the way just in time to avoid getting crushed by the previously mentioned El Nurso. He came out of nowhere and sounded like a dying whale, and landed like one too.

"Gotta get back to Hogwarts!" The Nurse sang, like he was in a musical. After helping him up the rest of the students poured into the hallway, starting to wonder about the person shaped dent on the floor. The Nurse quickly merged with another group of people, all wearing black robes with yellow coloring on the collar.

"Who are those guys?" came stumbling out of my mouth to no one in particular. There were so many of these people that within seconds The Nurse was swallowed by a sea of happy people, exchanging recipes, holding five books for the people with snakes on their robes, and overall just being respectable people.

"Holy frick, it's a swoonami," murmured Elena, "a swoonami of Hufflepuffs."

"Huff and puffs?" I asked in probably the most little annoying kid voice to ever leak out of my mouth.

"No you idiot, Hufflepuffs. They are just, loyal, and apparently unafraid of toil." Responded Elena with exasperation. She looked at my face and was given everything she needed to understand what was running through my mind, reading me like she would read a book. Of course, if she wasn't dyslexic it would make reading a lot easier. "You didn't pay attention to the hat, did you Hufflepuffs are loyal, sometimes to a fault. Ravenclaws, where those of wit and learning will always find their kind, powered with a ready mind believe that wit beyond measure is a man's greatest treasure. Also known as the nerds. Slytherin," a quick look at me, and Elena made it easier, "the green ones. They use cunning means to achieve their ends, and it is here where you'll make your true friends. These guys are the tricksters. Gryffindor, the red one, dwell the brave of heart, where their daring, nerve and chivalry set them apart. Also known as the brave guys. There, how's that?"

"Better." I responded sounding defeated. Honestly she did win this round. "So, what now?"

"Follow the blue people," she said, as if it were a simple answer. Which it was! zero for two. Odin, help me. "Then we'll talk about what we have to do and what's going on."

"Hopefully." I answered. It was already getting dark, and I was getting tired. Today was exhausting, and I was ready to go to bed. Luckily that was we were doing. I saw at least two people wave sticks and some warm milk zoomed passed my head. The leader of my 'house' was leading us around, trying to teach us the way around the school, even though I was memorizing these halls as well as tuffnut memorized trivia on any other dragon species. Luckily we shouldn't be here for long. An hour lasted the tour, until we had to climb at four flights of stairs, each with at least three hundred steps. Odin so help me, if I have to climb these stairs more than four times a day someone's getting a rock to the face. Looking over, I found that Elena was absorbed by a pack of girls, and it seems like she didn't flip boots

over helmets about it. She gave a signal, which was pretty easy to understand. Once she escapes the pack of girls, meet somewhere to talk about how to get home, and what is happening.

It has been an hour already, and Elena hasn't shown up. The "common room" was already starting to empty out even though I think it's about nine o'clock. Must have been a long day for everybody, many bits of stories entered my ears, mostly about a long train ride, the annoying toad like teacher, the absolute excitement of the new year, yadda yadda yadda, something about what thing did Hagrid "find" and has to show them this year, and something about how many rules will potter break this year. I walked over to a window and saw Apollo flying around a house, he didn't seem very upset from here but I'll keep my eyes open. Then I nearly had a heart attack when someone sneaked up behind me.

"Hi, are you ready to talk?" Elena said, while I almost jumped out of the window.

"Can you please not sneak up on a dude when he's in the zo- what happened to you?" I answered while my heart returned to a normal pace. Elena had been sucked into a pack of girls with no make up, messy hair, jeans and a camp half-blood t-shirt. She returned with pounds of makeup on her (complete with bright blue nails and what looks like plastic eyelashes), extremely over worked on hair (it was extremely fluffy looking with sparkley stuff drowning in it), a really short skirt with long black pants under it, a really uncomfortably tight vest with the ravenclaw emblem on it, and no dagger.

"I escaped the hyena pack, but not without damage." She said in an annoyed manner. "Someone catcalled me in the halls, some guy from the slytherin house, then he tried to get me to go to the slytherin dungeon. I hit him on the head with the blunt of my dagger. So I ran towards here, but I dropped my dagger on the way. I heard it splash somewhere." She seemed really upset about all of this, but it also felt like she wanted to talk only about how to get back to where we belong.

"Do you know where The Nurse is?" she asked

"Probably treating the dude you hit on the head" I responded. I had too, comedic relief.

"Wrong one bozo, I mean The Nurse, like the one who got us stuck here." She said, and she sounded like she was done with everything.

"Well, he's probably in the Huffypuffy people room place thing."
"

"Let's go talk to him then. I'm sure we can find him," she said, sounding a little too hopeful and angry at the same time. A spark in her eyes warned me that it is best to tread lightly.

"Umâ€¦ I don't think we can, at least not today. This place has a curfew thing. I have no clue what that is but it sounds like we cant wander the halls after a certain time. We can find him tomorrow during breakfast." Was my reply, which was said full of don't hurt me, I'm just saying what I know.

"Fine, then I'm going to go to sleep" Elena said while walking to the boy's chambers. She quickly figured out that problem when the staircase modified itself into a slide. She went through the other archway, and I just sat on the nearest chair. At least until about four of the older ravenclaw people came and dragged me to my room—I knocked one of them out with the butt of my axe.

In my defense they snuck up on me and grabbed me from behind, plus I'm a Viking.

I do not own most of this stuff; the rights go to their rightful owners.

P.s. tell me what you guy's think, and anyway I can improve the story. Just because I have a Viking doesn't mean I bite.

5. Chapter 5- Time to hang out, or not

chapter 5- Time to hang out, or not-(The Nurse's POV)

"Finally, I'm with my people," I say as I pass the sleeping hufflepuff prefect male, who was sucking his thumb and holding a badger puppet. He was sleeping on the floor, of the common room, not even in the bedroom. My people are awesome. It's time for potions, and let's say that it is better to stay on Snape's good side.

"Ernie, wake up. Snape's gonna have our heads if we don't make it to class on time." I said, kinda kicking him but not too hard. He finally wakes up, but before he did he managed to take my shoe and started to bite it.

"Why is there a shoe in my mouth?" our esteemed prefect asked.

"Because you frucking took my shoe, and started omnomming the frick out of it." I replied while helping the fat lug up, and pulling the badger out of his hands, which for some reason was filled with yam pudding. "What the fruck?"

"I don't even know. But just go on ahead, let's let professor Snapple hate me, and not all of the hufflepuffs. Your mission, if you choose to accept it, is to take the others; I think that Melissa is still passed out in her room. How she became head girl, I don't know. Oh and don't forget to tell Robby to start getting new players for our quidditch team."

"Alright, just get ready" was my answer, and I herded all the new into the common room, and then the halls. I think I lost a few, whoops oh well. But most of us made it to the dungeons, and into Snape's classroom with time to spare. The hufflepuffs were just starting to sit their bottoms onto the wooden stools, just as the Ravenclaws were scribbling stuff down onto their parchment, except two seemed to be having some issues using a feather and ink well.

"Hey, you guys!" A natural thing to say erupted out of my mouth, except I forgot one vital thing that could have saved my life—I

was in Snape's room. The greasy haired, thirty year old bag of hate, devourer of happiness and fun basically shadow traveled in front of me. "Um, sorry professor, it won't happen again," and like that I jumped into my chair, nearly murdering another student in my way, (of course it would be the best quidditch player in our house) and began scribbling notes before Snape could even utter a word in his ghostly way. If I didn't know any better I would have thought that this was older Nico. With this commotion Roxas and Elena looked over and had daggers in their eyes. The second Snape turned his back, like an evil villain, Roxas threw the feather with surprisingly good aim and hit me in the hair. I cursed to myself; I spent half an hour making my hair look like The Doctor's hair, with all its spiky-ness. I'll talk with these two later, after we escape the clutches of evil.

The class commenced with Snape's usual beginning of the year warning of impending death, during which he selectively targeted Roxas, and Roxas argued back, and Snape kept taking points away from Ravenclaw, but no points were able to be taken away and this created hysteria, and luckily before any magic versus ax happened, the bell rang. I packed up my books, heard Snape say detention to Roxas, and fled the dungeon. Ernie was waiting outside the room, and took over my babysitting duty, leaving me with the task of telling Robert (Robby), to get new members for the quidditch team. I headed back into the dungeon to look for Robby, and I found him all right, but his arm looked kinda off. Even for a human. He looked like he was in a whole shoot load of pain, of course the first practice for the quidditch team was today for the previous members of the team.

"You alright, Robby?" I pondered.

To which he hastily replied, "Yeah, I'm perfectly fine." Like he always does. He thinks that he can't show pain, or any emotion really other than the occasional smile since he is supposed to be the strongest, fastest, and smartest since he was the quidditch team captain, head boy, and prefect.

"Let's take you to the nurse, it's not a good idea to leave your arm like that. And, if I may, how did that happen?" I suggested. He did look like he was in a ton of pain, even for him. I don't want anybody here to get hurt that bad, and I'm still learning; I can't help him right now.

"I pulled Roxas back by his collar and he twisted my arm back, like just to get me off of him, but he misjudged and then I felt a pop come from my shoulder. He was on his way out of the classroom when I grabbed him. Maybe he thought I was Snape—I like this kid, if only he were in Hufflepuff, I would take him on the quidditch team any day."

"It's a good idea not to grab a Viking from the back of his neck." Like he really needed me to tell him that, of course he fricking knows that now. "Can you get up? Or does your arm hurt too much?" I kept the conversation flowing. He and I have the same schedule, class for class, and next is study hall with Filch, so I was in no rush at the moment.

"Yeah, get the nurse to come here. My arm hurts too much to move in an empty hallway, let alone now with all of the other students." He said wincing, biting his lips. If I had seen right, his eyes were becoming flooded with water.

"I'll be back, just don't hurt yourself more." On that pleasant note I headed towards the infirmary, as fast as I could go, just to find that the nurse was already heading to Snape's classroom. I followed the nurse back to the pits of heck in this school, but I was lost in thought. By the time I realized that a 900 pound blood red dragon was flying behind me the hallways were empty, and I was only a few yards from the entrance to that devil classroom. The realization only occurred when Roxas decided to make a sound.

"Ahem, paging nurse Jeremy, paging nurse Jeremy, you're needed in Snake's classroom." The reaction that came out wasn't exactly how Robby was dealing with a dislocated arm, more of a cat found out the vacuum turns on.

"Why? And you hurt our quidditch team captain." I wasn't going to tell this dude anything, with a dislocated arm we aren't going to be able to start practicing for quidditch. Let's face it; we need all the good press we can get. Gryffindor or Slytherin always win, maybe for once my people will win.

"Im a Viking. Don't grab me from behind and I wont attack you. And Elena wants to talk with you." He answered, and his dragon moved a bit, but I didn't think anything of it.

"What if I say no? I can teleport away with a tur- Fruck! Where's my ring?!"

"You might wanna take a close look at my dragon's teeth. He was always a trickster." I peered cautiously into the dragon's mouth, and located my ring. It was on the dragon's tooth, the one farthest away from my arm.

"I hate you"

"Just go talk with Elena, Apollo and I have some flying to do." With that he was gone. I have to say that is a fast dragon, but to not anger a Viking with a nine hundred pound dragon, and a demigod, I went back to Snape's classroom and found Elena tinkering with the cauldron. With a small ruckus that came from not seeing a stool in front of me, Elena turned around and a spark of anger came into her eyes, and to make it worse the spark turned into a raging inferno.

With a voice that turned from content to piercing and cold as steel she made a simple request "take me home." The way she said it would have made Mrs. McGonagall, (Mrs. McBadarse), quiver in her boots, and then correct herself.

"I can't, at least not now." I said sheepishly, ready to cower away if needed. Her brown eyes looked murderous, and I think I saw a bronzish flash come from beneath the table.

"Why not?" If words could kill, I would have died at least three times by now.

"Because, ummâ€¦ well, you see, there's this like issue with the time space continuum. Usually only timelords could travel between the universes and time, since each universe had a thick wall. Like a plant cell's, the problem now is that, well, these walls seem to be

tearing, and right now they look like Swiss cheese. The more we go through the walls, the bigger the rip gets, and um, if these walls collapse, the universe and the other ones around it would collapse. We need to give it some time before, you know, we can go through."

"Alright then, why the frick did you bring me and Viking boy to a world of witches and wizards?" Her voice wasn't as daggerish, but she still had a look of 'think before you say or imma cut you'.

"I think that here, in this world there might be a clue to figuring out why the tears begin. If we can find all the clues, then we can fix the tears and go back to wherever we belong," she gave a questioning look, puzzled at the word 'we,' "We because I can take us anywhere in space and time with my ring, I needed you because you were the only one able to fix my ring for ten years, and Roxas well, he just kinda came with us but he does seem to be relatively smart, trustworthy, plus he can fight.

"Alright, how long do we have to wait then? I mean I at least want to look like I belong here, and I need to make a new dagger too." With that I was able to take a breath again. For a girl who is only fourteen, she can be terrifying.

"I'm not really sure, maybe two days, maybe two years, I don't know."

"Frick, all right th-" Elena was interrupted by the sound of a small explosion, some gooping, and a lot of screams. "Roxas, you IDIOT!" She yelled and with that her feet flew from the stool and was halfway across the hall in less than two seconds. I guess being a demigod means you learn how to run, and run fast. I followed suit, trying to keep up and see what this doofus did this time. It didn't take long to find the wreckage sight, I mean half the wall was gone, and in it's place was a group of terrified seventh years, a steaming Roxas, and a relatively happy looking first year, a slytherin by the color of his robes. He was trembling but I guess anyone would be shaking after seeing a wall be blown up right in front of you.

"Hey, little minion. If anyone ever tries to pick on you again, or hurt you just come find me, I'll put him or her in his or her place. All right. And you guys, you may act like monstrous nightmares when facing someone half your size, but if you pick on someone your size you're nothing more than sheep. Pick on anyone again and you'll be hanging by your underwear." The little slytherin, whose name was Emryss scampered off, making sure to "accidentally" hit the older kid's heads with his books as he walked by. The older kids ran like mad after Roxas walked towards Elena and me. I didn't even see Elena, or that Roxas saw us.

"Apollo?" I asked

"How else?" was his reply, "I don't have magic."

"Where is he now?" Elena asked, obviously wondering how something so big could just vanish like that. "How did u get him to do that?"

"A. I don't know where he goes when he leaves, but if he's fine, power to him. B, I dismounted him when we got outside, and when I went back inside I heard the dunderheads picking on Emryss. Apollo

stayed close behind, but outside the walls and awaited an order. I went up to the dudes, they laughed, I used a hand signal since there was a window that Apollo could see through. The wall went baboom, I pretended that I had some magic and used a blowy uppy spell and then the cowards backed away, while Emyriss saw what actually happened."

"Why did you protect the little slytherin?" I asked, "I mean they're usually the meanest house."

"Why wouldn't I? I mean I saw that he was scared, and he doesn't look like a bully. It was three on one; he needed help so I did. Plus, I now know something pretty important thanks to Emyriss."

"What?" pestered Elena, she jumped in really quick. I'm assuming she was hoping that the information was the clue. If that was her hope, then she had her dreams crushed.

"There's yak milk and pumpkin pie today." Roxas answered, a huge smile growing on his face. Elena proceeded to chase him around the hall, in a futile attempt to slap him. He always seemed to be tantalizingly out of reach. Suddenly, we heard rushed footsteps, and some whining coming from what sounded like seventh years. I felt like it was a good idea to get out of there, but since I didn't have my ring I was forced to run. I haven't run in years, needless to say, it wasn't very graceful. The other two I saw jump/climb out the hole in the wall and hitched a ride on their over grown lizard. I started to run but it was too late, professor McGonagall saw me and the enormous hole in the wall.

"Mr. Nurse, my office now." Said professor McGonagall in her deadly calm voice. As is it wasn't bad enough that I managed to get onto possibly the most powerful teacher's nerves, another voice came towards the wreckage. It was high-pitched, birchy, and it came cocooned in pink.

"What, HAPPENED!" said a toad like lady with hate and greed in her eyes and a black hole where her heart should be, as she came waddling at a dangerously rapid pace. She could have broken a heel, or worse her nails. She glared at me and said "Hello little dear," she said dear like she was a hunter and I was a deer who managed to slip away every time, "why did you do this?"

"I didn-" I tried to answer

"I'll ask again, why did you do this? You are the only little darling here, and this couldn't have happened any more than ten minutes ago." Again, the usually pleasant words were whetted, and said lethally

"Now, Dolores. How do we know it was Mr. Nurse who caused the rubble? This happened during the time when the students were dismissed." Reasoned professor McGonagall. Even though she was probably as ready to blow like a volcano, she kept her calm. She must have despised this new instructor more than having to deal with a student who apparently blew a thirty-foot wide hole in a wall. The two instructors thus began quarreling, and amidst the storm brewing between the two, I took a look at the piles of singed rocks, melting bricks, smoking char, and something that caught my eye. A small silver donut shaped object was gleaming on a rock, of course it would

a have foot long poisonous scale holding it in place. The two professors were starting to bicker even more so I seized the opportunity. I pulled the scale out of the brick and the ring, and placed the ring on my ring finger. McGonagall saw me holding my hand in the other hand so I pretended to cough; which I guess was convincing enough so she turned back to Dolores and continued the argument. I turned the knob on my ring and got the heck out of there.

****Credit goes to where it belongs, I do not wish to take any credit that does not belong to me.****

6. Chapter 6-What in Odin's name?

Chapter 6-What in Odin's name? (Roxas' POV)

Is it so hard to drink yak's milk and enjoy some pie? Sheesh. There I was in the great hall, enjoying the delicious morsels of food, listening to Elena tell me about the conversation she and The Nurse had; then of course professor Flitwick told me to come with him. I told Elena to save me a few chicken legs, (for Apollo), and I went with professor Flitwick. We walked to a large statue of a griffin. He said something along the lines of fizzing whizbangs, and a large spiral staircase emerged where the griffin once stood.

"Go upstairs young man." Mr. Flitwick said. He then shortly waddled away after I began to ascend the staircase.

I reach the top of the staircase and find myself in front of the headmaster's office. He had a thick white beard that nearly enveloped the wizard. He was old but that didn't mean a certain powerful aura oozed out of him. He held himself tall, and looked like he had more wisdom than any living thing on Earth. I wonder if madam Gothi would like to meet him.

"Good evening, Mr. Richard. How was the Yak's milk and Pie?" asked professor Dumbledore. "I suspect that you are enjoying your time here at Hogwarts; picking fights, destroying school property, and bringing a forbidden creature onto the grounds. However, I am amazed at how obedient this dragon is."

"Heh, thank you professor," I couldn't read his expressions; first he is calmly asking me about my dinner, then he is reciting the things I have done in my first days in this school, and now he is complimenting my dragon, "umâ€¦ am I in trouble, sir? If so I will do whatever I need to do. But, can I explain myself, sir? I 'picked' a fight with those three student becauseâ€¦"

"There is no need to explain the fight, mister Richard, nor the thirty-foot hole on the wall. I applaud your effort to protect the slytherin boy. I already know the situation with Apollo. I have talked with your friend Jeremy, or The Nurse as he calls himself. He has explained to me what is happening between the realms. I have something that might help you fix the problems, however it is deep within the Forbidden Forest. In order for you and your friends to go into these woods there must be a reason, which, you my young lad, have given me. I will give you three a detention with the gamekeeper Hagrid. From which point, I can no longer assist you three. Tomorrow you three will go to Hagrid's hut at curfew. He will take you into

deep into the forest, and it will be up to you three to discover the clue." Dumbledore explained, albeit a bit slow as if I were a young child.

"Sir, if you don't mind my questioning, but if you know the clue why don't you just give us the clue? I mean if you already know where the clue is and what it is, would it not be easier for all of us if you just gave it to us now?"

"Ah, I see. I am well aware of the clue, however I am also aware that this is a chance to prove yourselves. If I were to tell you the clue, it will be much harder to uncover the mystery within the near, or far time," the headmaster said. There was an uneasy silence in the room, only the sound of a small fire and the clicking of a beak fill the still air. "Mister Richard, I do believe it is about time for you to head back with your fellow students. This little chat will have begun to raise suspicion amongst your peers. Now can you do me a small favor?"

"Um.. yessir." I replied, albeit a little bit hastily.

"Will you take these 'Bertie Botts every flavor beans' with you? You see an anonymous sender gave these to me as a gift to begin the school term. However I do have a habit of selecting a particularly less than desirable flavor amongst the set. Perhaps you would enjoy them more." He said while holding a small bag of what I assume to be candy. I held out my hand and accepted the small bag stuffed to the brim with colorful bean shaped drops of sugar. I wish there some yak jerky in this bag.

"Thank you for the candy, sir. Have a good evening." I croaked out, and left the office. Taking the steps two steps at a time, I made it down the stairs and found myself huffing and puffing next to Elena in no time.

"Hey Tink. I need to talk to you. Like now." I stuttered gasping for air to enter my lungs.

"Sure, what's it about?" Elena questioned, a muffin in hand, a little louder than I was hoping. The rest of the table turned their heads in our direction. The whispers of a love story between the outcasts of Hogwarts already perforated my ears. Now I am going to have to deal with this load of dragon crap.

"Just grab your muffin and come on," I hissed out. I grabbed her arm and pulled her outside the great hall. I hate gossip. I heard a rumor about me that I ditched Apollo for a whispering deathâ€¦ while I was flying Apollo. I felt Elena rip her arm out of my grasp and started fuming. "Sorry about that but I needed to talk to you alone, and I already heard the sounds of a new love story about us. Lets see how much gossip were going to have to endure because of this."

"Oh, ok then. What is it?" she said, starting to calm down. Note to self, don't pull Elena anywhere or she will be ready to hit you.

"It's about the clue. Headmaster Dumbledore called me to his office. He said that we will find the clue within the forbidden forest, but the only way to go into them is to serve detention with the gamekeeper. So tomorrow, you, The Nurse, and I will go to the

gamekeeper's house at curfew rather than back to our sleeping quarters."

"Why didn't he just give you the clue?"

"I have no idea. Oh! He did give me some candy. Want some?"

"Seriously?" Elena said exasperated. "You know what, I'll take some candy." She held out her hand so I gave her a few every flavor beans: A green one, a yellow one, and a red one. She ate them all at once and a look of horror and disgust emerged on her face. The beans flew out of her mouth and she began yelling "These things are disgusting! What is in my mouth? It tastes like some one gave me snot, ear wax, and blood filled pills."

"Well, the box does say every flavor beans. I think that makes sense here." That earned me a slap to the arm by a nauseated Elena.

She said good night and hobbled up the stairs to the girl's Ravenclaw dormitories. I decided to head up as well; I already ate pie and started to get tired. I walked up the seemingly endless staircase, got lost four times, and found myself locked outside the common room because I didn't answer "what is the meaning of life?" correctly. I had to wait for another Ravenclaw to come up and answer a question correct. Of course he was one of my roommates. I am never going to hear the end of thisâ€¦| Odin help me.

All rights belong to those they belong to. I take no credit for anything that belongs to someone else.

End
file.